

PR
2349
S5
F6
1895



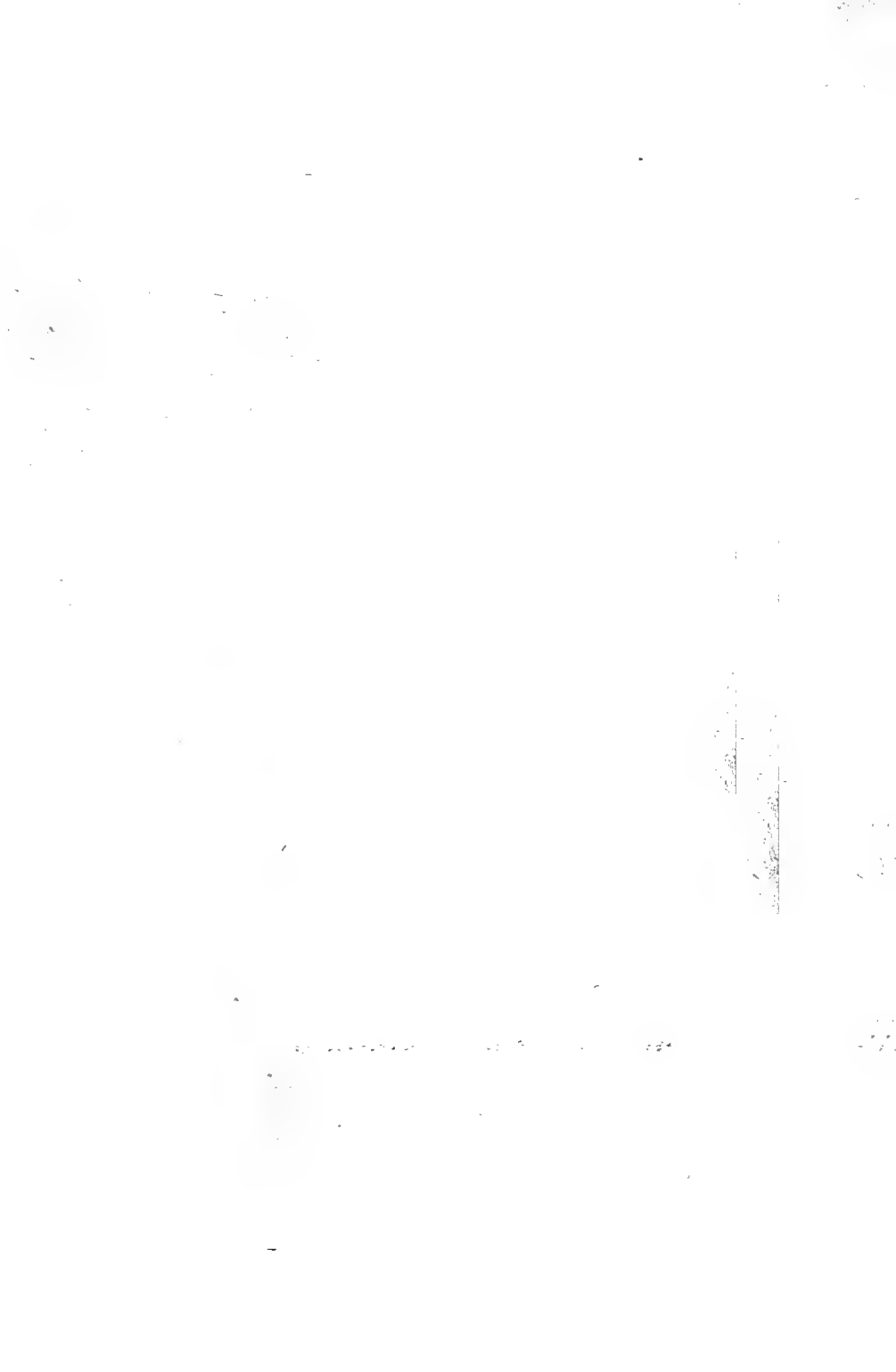
PR
2349
S5 F6
1895

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF
Henry W. Sage
1891

A.89598

17/2/96



A

ISHAM REPRINTS.

No. 1.

SHAKESPEARE'S VENUS AND ADONIS.
From a hitherto-unknown Edition. 1599.—
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, by
SHAKESPEARE. 1599.—EPIGRAMMES, by
SIR JOHN DAVIES; and OVID'S ELEGIES,
by MARLOWE.

No. 2.

NEWES OUT OF POWLES CHURCH-
YARDE....Written in English Satyrs. By
E. HAKE. 1579.

No. 3.

BRETON (NICHOLAS). NO WHIPPINGE,
NOR TRIPPINGE: BUT A KINDE
FRIENDLY SNIPPINGE. 1601.

No. 4.

SOUTHWELL (ROBERT). A FOVRE-
FOVLD MEDITATION OF THE
FOURE LAST THINGS. 1606.



THE ISHAM REPRINTS.

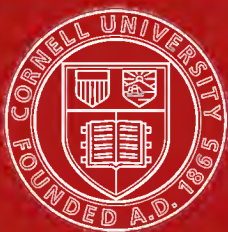
No. 4.



A FOVRE-FOVLD MEDITATION.

BY R. S.

1606.



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

A Fovre-Fovld Meditation,

Of the foure last things :

viz.

- | | | | |
|----|----------|---|-------------------|
| 1. | } of the | { | Hour of Death. |
| 2. | | | Day of Iudgement. |
| 3. | | | Paines of Hell. |
| 4. | | | loyes of Heauen. |

Shewing the estate of the EleEt and Reprobate :

COMPOSED IN A DIUINE POEME

BY R. S.

The author of S. Peters complaint.

[ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.]

Imprinted at London by G. Eld: for Francis Burton.

1606.

WITH A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE

BY CHARLES EDMONDS;

EDITOR OF THE "ISHAM SHAKESPEARE;" "BASILICON DORON OF K. JAMES I.;"

"HAKES NEWES OUT OF POWLES CHURCHYARDE;"

"THE POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN, BY THE RT. HON. G. CANNING, THE

RT. HON. J. HOOKHAM FRERE, G. ELLIS, W. GIFFORD, ETC.;"

"THE PYTCHLEY HUNT, PAST AND PRESENT, BY H. O. NETHERCOTE."



PUBLISHED BY

ELKIN MATHEWS,

VIGO STREET, LONDON.

MDCCCXCV.

S

R

A. 89598

CHISWICK PRESS:—CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE BY THE
DISCOVERER AND EDITOR.

AS the merits of Southwell, both as a Poet and a Martyr, have been continually eulogized by Catholics and Protestants alike, it is unnecessary to dilate upon them here. My intention is, therefore, to address myself only to the discovery and subsequent adventures of the interesting Tractate, now for the first time submitted to the notice of the public.

It was one amongst many of the valuable works of Old English Poetry and Prose of the Elizabethan and Jacobean ages which I discovered at Lamport Hall in September, 1867, and the circumstances under which it was brought to light, and its author's identity proved, are so uncommon that they might form a chapter in a Romance of Bibliography. The facts are these:

After the issue of Nos. 1 and 2 of the "Isham Reprints," which were the hitherto-unknown edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" of 1599, and Hake's rare "Newes out of Powles Churchyarde" of 1579, the next volume of which I recommended the publication was "A Foure-fould Meditation of the Foure Last Thinges; composed in a Divine Poeme. By R. S., the author of S. Peters Complaint," London, 1606, *if* the missing portion of the

poem could be found, for I had only a slight fragment containing the first eight leaves alone; but these were precious, as in addition to the first 35 stanzas, they gave, not only a Dedication by W. H.¹ (himself a literary discoverer) in these striking words: "Long haue they lien hidden in obscuritie, and happily [haplie] had neuer seene the light, had not a meere accident conuayed them to my hands," etc.; but also, most fortunately, the Title-page, for it revealed the name of the illustrious author.

I therefore sent a communication at the end of October, 1873 (inserted November 1), to the "Athenæum," which, from its high character and world-wide circulation, was most likely to effect my object. Nor was I disappointed, for a few days after I received the following note:

" St. Mary's College,
" Oscott, Birmingham.
" Nov. 8, 1873.

" Dear Sir,

" Would you kindly tell me whether the fragment of the poem of Southwell which you have discovered begins thus:

' O wretched man which lovest earthlie thinges
And to this worlde haft made thyselfe a thrall.'

" This is the first stanza of a poem which we have here at the Coll. in MS., and if I can identify it as

¹ I have always presumed this "W. H." to be the same "W. H." who gave Shakespeare's Sonnets to the world three years after the present work was issued from the press of the same printer, George Eld.

Southwell's I should think it worth while, with the President's permission, to have it printed. In any case, as a Catholic, I should wish to thank you for bringing to light something illustrative of the life and works of F. Robert Southwell, and therefore of such interest to English literature. Believe me, Dear Sir, yours very truly, S. SOLE.

“Charles Edmonds, Esq.”

A few days later I received the following letter from the President, who, after expressing his regret at not being able to see me when I called owing to press of business, continues thus: “Mr. Sole has explained to me your wish to publish the whole of this poem of Southwell's; and as you have been the means of identifying the poem as his, I think it is only fair that you should receive every help we can give you in carrying out your desire. I therefore will send you the MS. tomorrow, trusting with confidence to your taking all possible care of it, and returning it to us as soon as you have transcribed this poem. Yours truly, J. SPENCER NORTHCOTE.”

This was the title under which the “Fourefould Meditation” was concealed; probably for sufficient prudential reasons: “Sartaine moste holosome & necessarie considerations, or meditations veye meete and convenyent (for all degrees) and att all tymes to be duelye considered of and had in Remembrance To withdrawe our affections from this vaine & wicked worlde, to the desire of Heaven and heavenlye things. Reade with good advisement.”

The volume consists of 180 leaves, and at the *beginning of the MS. is this*: "The Epistel Dedicatorie. To the right worshipfull Mr. Thomas Knevett Esquire, Peter Mowle wisheth the perpetuytie of true felysitie, the health of bodie and soule with continewance of worshipping in this worlde, And after Death the participation of Heavenlie happines dewringe all worldes for ever." Among other pieces in the volume are :

"A brief Catachism of Christian Doctrine, compyled by Lawrence Vaux, Bachelor of Divinitie, 1583." 41 *leaves*.

[Of the family of Baron Vaux of Harrowden, which title, created in 1524, is now extinct, but revived in the person of Lord Chancellor Brougham in 1830, whose ancestor married Jane Vaux.]

Peter Mowle his Loking Glasse.

Certaine of Alabasters his Meditations. Anno 1597. 13 *stanzas of 14 lines each*.

Defiderius, or the readie way to the Love of God. Written in Dialogue wise, under learned and pleasaunt Allegories. First put forth in the Spanishe tonge and after translated into Latin : and now lately into Englishe for the behoofe of the devout of our nation by I. G. Prisoner. *In prose*: 28 *closely-written leaves*.

[The famous FATHER JOHN GERARD, author of "The Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, who fled with Southwell when pursued by four Priest-hunters or pursuivants.]

Sartaine Godlye and devout Vereses of the passion of our Lord and Savyor Jesu Christ, the Lamentation of our blessed Ladie (in Latin *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, &c.) the fiftene misteries of the Rosarie of our Ladie in verse, with dyverse other godly prayers and devoute matters sett forth by S. W. and dedycated to the vertuous Ladie Pawlett.

The Discourse of the Martirdome of Mrs. Margarett Clytherowe ; A.D. 1586.

Veres given for a New Yeares Gift in Anno 1592 to the Ladie Viscountis Hereford of Parham.

Verfes of the Earthquake which happened on the 24th daie of December 1601.

The Anatomie of Pride made by mee P.M. 1602.

A devout and godly prayer made by the moft excelent and godlye Queene, Queene Marye.

Verfes to The Worſhipfull my good mfs. Miſtres Elenor Woodhowſe of Caſtor. Anno 1606.

At end : "Peter Mowld, Junior, oweth this Booke. Wittneſſe Edmond Mould. 1605." While the witneſſ calls himſelf Mould, the owner uſes indifferently the names Mowld and Mowlde. He deſcribes himſelf as of Attelbroughe, and of his being in 1589 in his 35th year.

The dated pieces range from 1590 to 1606.

The *Oſcott MS.* is *not* followed in the preſent reprint for the following reaſons: it contains only 118 ſtanzas, while that in the *Rawlinſon* collection in the Bodleian contains 126; the additional ones being Nos. 42 and 63 to 69. Not only is the *order* of ſtanzas 13 and 14 different, but they vary in the commencement of the former. And the *printed* fragment ſhows that the reading there given muſt have preceded that of the *Rawlinſon MS.* The latter is therefore uſed; but it contains no title-page, and is aſcribed erroneouſly to Lord Philip Arundel.

I find that Southwell has *Poems* in "Briefe Meditations in the moſt Holy Sacrament," by L. PINELLI, of the Society of Jeſus; alſo "Hymes [*ſic*] gathered out of S. Thomas de Aquino, tranſlated by the Rev. Fa: R. S." 8vo., *s. l. et a.*

On Tueſday, March 26th, the following intereſting MS. was ſold at Sotheby's. Lot 1050, Bibliotheca Phillipica. This MS. formerly be-

longed to the famous hagiographer, Alban Butler, whose autograph appears upon the first page.

“1050 Southwell or Sotwell. *Meditationes Roberti Sotuellii Martyris de Attributis Divinis ad amorem Dei excitantes—Exercitia et Devotiones ejusdem*, in the original vellum binding. 8vo.”

C. E.

A
FOURFOULD
Meditation,

*Of the foure last things :
viz.*

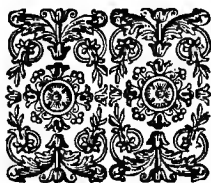
- | | | | |
|----|----------|---|-------------------|
| 1. | } of the | { | Hour of Death. |
| 2. | | | Day of Iudgement. |
| 3. | | | Paines of Hell. |
| 4. | | | Ioyes of Heauen. |

Shewing the estate of the Elect and Reprobate.

Composed in a Diuine Poeme

By R. S.

The author of S. Peters complaint.



Imprinted at London by *G. Eld:* for *Francis Burton.*

1606.

To the Right Worshipfull and
Vertuous Gentleman, Mathew

Saunders, Esquire.

W. H. wisheth, with long life, a prosperous
achieuement of his good desires.



*S*r ; as I with great desire apprehended the least opportunity of manifesting towards your worthy selfe my sincere affection, so should I be very sory to present any thing vnto you, wherein I should growe offensiue, or willingly breed your least molestation : but these meditations, being Diuine and Religious (& vpon mine owne knowledge, correspondent to your zealous inclination) emboldened me to recommend them to your view and censure, and therein to make knowne mine owne entire affection, and seruicable loue towards you. Long haue they lien hidden in obscuritie, and happily had neuer seene the light, had not a meere accident conuayed them to my hands. But, hauing seriously perused them, loath I was that any who are religiously affected, should be deprivied of so great a comfourt, as the due consideracion thereof may bring vnto them. As for my selfe, Sir, the knowledge you haue of me, I hope will excuse the coldnesse and sterilitie of my conceits, who couet to illustrate my intire affectiō vnto your worship, by reall and approued actions, referring my selfe wholly in this, & all other my indeuours, to your fauourable construction, who shall euer be of power, in the humblest seruices to command me.

Your Worships vnfaigned affectionate
W. H.



A Treatise of the houre of Death,
the day of Iudgement, the paines
of Hell, and the ioyes of Heauen.

Of the houre of Death.

I.

O Wretched man, which louest earthlie thinges,
And to this worlde hast made thyselfe a thrall,
Whose shorte delightes eternall sorrow bringes,
Whose sweete in shewe in trewth is bitter gall :
Whose pleasures fade eare scarce they be possesse,
And greue him left that most doe them detest.

2.

Thou arte not fuer one moment for to lyue,
And att thy death thou leauest all behinde,
Thy landes and goodes noe suckor then can geue,
Thie pleasures past are crosses to thie minde :
Thie friend the world can yeld thee noe releefe,
Thy greatest ioye will proue thie greatest greefe.
The





Of the houre

3.

The tyme will come when Death will thee affalte :
Conceyue yt then as present for to bee,
That thou in tyme maieft seeke to mend this falte,
And in this life thine errors plainlye see :
 Imagen now this corfe is almost spent,
 And marke this frinds how deepelie they lament.

4.

Thy wyfe dothe howle, and pearce the verie skies,
This childrens teares their forrowes doth bewraye,
This kinesfolke morne and wepe with woefull cryes,
Now thou must dye, and canst noe longer staye :
 Loe here the ioyes and treasures of this hart :
 This race is ronne : from them thou must depart.

5.

With paine thou dost lye, gaspinge all for breath,
Past hope of life or hope of anie good,
Thy present state a lyuelye forme of death,
This hart become all cold for want of blood :
 This nosethrills ronne, and gaspinge thou dost lye,
 This lothsome fight this frinds beginne to flie.
 Thy





Of the houre

9.

Thy former faultes are fett before thine eyes,
And monstros shewes which seemd before so small,
To swallowe thee, Despaire in secret lyes,
And all thie finnes with terror thee appall : [mone,
 With scaldinge fighes they make thee now to
 And in thie soule with sorrowe thou dost grone.

10.

Thou wayleft now the pleasinge of thie will,
Thie euill gott goods doth make thee so lament,
Thievaine delightes with anguise thee doth fill,
Thie wantone tricks thie conscience doth torment :
 Thie sweetest finnes doth bringe thee bitter smarte,
 Thie heynous faultes oppresse thie dyinge harte.

11.

With dreadfull feare they shake thie dolefull mynd,
And bent to fight, with force they thee inclose,
In worldye helpe noe rescue thou canst finde :
And standinge now amidst thie mortall foes,
 A thousand deaths wold seeme a lesser paine
 Then this estate in which thou dost remaine.

Noe





of Death.

12.

Noe tonge, no penn, nor creature can bewraye,
Howe all thie finnes their festred rancor showe,
Howe dreadfull fightes with sorrowe thee dismaye,
Howe blustringe formes of greefe beginne to blowe :
 Thie ioyes are gone, which were thie God before,
 Thie life is done and shall returne noe more.

13.

What booteth it thie lewdnes to repent,
And leaue to sinne when sinne forsaketh thee ?
What canst thou doe when all thie force is spent ?
Will then our Lord with this appeased bee ?
 Thie life thou ledst in seruice of his foe,
 And faruest him when life thou must forgoe.

14.

Now heauen to win noe paines thou wouldst refuse,
Nor spare thie goods to ease thie woefull state,
Of all thie finnes thou dost thie selfe accuse,
And call for grace when callinge comes to late :
 For sinne thou didest while life and power did last,
 And leauest now, when force to sinne is past.

c

Then





of Death.

18.

Behold! the place in which thou dost abyde
Is lothsome, darke, vnsweete, and verie fraite :
With rotten bones besett on euerye syde,
And crawlinge wormes to feede on thee doth waite :
Oh harde exchange! O vile and hatefull place!
Where earth and fillth this carcase must imbrace.

19.

O wretched state! O most vnhappie man!
Yet were yt well yf nothing were behinde,
Yf all myght end as here yt first began,
Some comfort were suche endinge for to finde :
For then as God of nothinge thee did frame,
By course againe thou shouldst become the same.

20.

But lyue thou must a thousand deathes to die,
And dyinge still, yet neuer whollie dead,
Thou must appere before the Judge on hie,
And haue reward as thou thie life hast ledd :
Thie tyme is come, thou canst no longer stay,
The iudge is fett, and botelesse is delaye.
Behoulde





Of the day

21.

Behoulde his power. Loe whom thou didst offend
For vaine delights, which were but mere decept,
Behould on him how Anngells doth attend,
And all that court doe for his comminge waight :
Behould his throne of glorie in the skies,
And see how wrath doth sparkell from his eies.

22.

Loe this is hee whoe euerie thing did make, [daye,
Whom Heauen and Earth doe prayse both night and
Loe here the looke att which the Anngells quake,
Loe here the Lord whom all thinges doth obaye :
His will is lawe, and maye not be withstand,
His wrath consumes and killeth out of hand.

23.

O filthie soule, how maye this wrath be borne?
Or can a worme his furie now abyde?
The Anngells laugh thy fillthines to skorne :
They hate thie sinne, and thee for swellinge pryde :
They shine with beames fare brightter then the
And call on God that Justice may be done. [Sonne,
Each





of Judgement.

24.

Each creature cryes that punisht thou mayst bee,
Whom in this lyfe thou lewdlye didst abuse :
Both Heauen and earth are foes protest to thee,
And all thie thoughtes of sinne doth thee accuse :
 This wordes and deedes against thee now are
 brought,
 And all thie filth which sinne in thee hath wrought.

25.

Thou syted arte a just account to showe,
How farre thou sought thie selfe for to deny,
How all thie landes and welth thou didst bestowe,
And with thie goodes thie brothers wante supplie :
 What care thou hadst thie makers name to prayse,
 What paine thou tokst to walk in all his wayes.

26.

The Judge dothe aske how all thie life was spent,
Yf from offence thie fences thou didst keepe,
Yf in thie soule thou truelye didst repent,
And for thie sinne with hartie sorrowe weepe :
 Yf thou his feare didst sett before thine eyes,
 And for his loue all worldlie ioyes despise.

Yf





Of the day

27.

Yf eke thie foes reuenge thou haste not wrought,
Yf to thie frindes thou neuer wert vnkinde,
Yf earthlie pompe thou euer sett att nought,
Yf secrett hate thou haste not kept in mynde :
 Yf thou alike didst ioye and forrowe take,
 And with thie harte all carnall lust forsake.

28.

Thye thoughtes and wordes the Judge dothe open
And asketh now a straye account of all, [laye,
How thou didst here his motions obaye,
And for his grace with erenest fervor call :
 Yf all thie lyfe on earth thou ledst vpright,
 And in his loue didst sett thie whole delight.

29.

What canst thou plead thie lewdnes to excuse,
When truth shall proue in all thou didst offend ?
The Judge is just, thou mayst not him refuse,
Thie cause is naught, thou canst not it defend :
 To hope for helpe, alas ! it is in vaine,
 The tyme is paste, noe helpe thou canst obtaine.
Our





of Judgement.

30.

Our Lord doth saye, “ how couldst thou use me soe,
Sith I to thee both soule and bodie gaue?
How durst thou seeke and ferue my mortall foe,
Sithe I did dye thie selfe from death to faue?
I gaue thee all, and me thou didst detest,
He gaue thee naught, yet wholie thee pofest.

31.

“ Thye lands and life did from my goodnes flowe,
Thy fleshe and bones I did of nothings frame,
Both wellth and witt I did on thee bestowe,
And gaue thee all to prayse my holie name :
Yett with them all against mee thou didst fight,
And fledd to them whoe bredd mee greatest spight.

32.

“ When I did speake thou seemedst deafe and dombe,
When he did call thou madst him aunswere strayte,
He neuer stayd but thou didst quickly come,
And I without inforced was to wayte :
O thankelesse wretche thou mee shalt see noe more,
But dwell with him whoe had thie harte before.
Thou





Of the day

33.

“Thou shalt with him for euer more remayne,
To whome thie selfe for pleasure thou haste soulde,
His will thou wroughtst, and myne thou didst dif-
His right thou arte, I can not thee withoulde: [daine,
Thie owne deserts haue made thee his to bee,
The choyse was thine, noe wronge is donne to
[thee.”

34.

Then comes the Devill, and to our Lord doth saye,
“O righteous Judge, this wretche I ought to haue,
For in his lyfe he would not thee obaye,
But with his harte to mee him selfe he gaue:
My precepts eke he practist daye and night,
And mee to please he made his whole delight.

35.

“Him selfe he vowed to serue me all his dayes,
His eyes were fixt vppon my counsell still,
His feete were bent to walke in all my wayes,
His harte was sett for to performe my will:
His life and landes I drue him on to spend,
In doeing that which might thee most offend.
Hee





of Judgement.

36.

“ Hee scornd this power and quyte refufde this grace,
This bitter paynes hee bannisht from his eyes,
This precious bloud hee never would imbrace,
This gracious woundes he lewdlie did despise :
 This threats for sinne he reckoned as a iest,
 This wordes and will in all he did detest.

37.

“ This glorious death hee seemed to disdain,
And followed that in which hee did delight,
For servinge thee he toke not anie paine,
But all this love with hate he did requite :
 What reason then this glorie he should see,
 Of which he seemde so carelesse for to bee.

38.

“ Thou didst him make, and on him all bestowe,
I nothinge gaue nor him to beinge brought,
Yet thee he left, to whom he loue did owe,
And mee hee sarvd, whoe never gave him ought :
 What woldst thou more thou vfest not to wronge,
 And hee to mee in Justice doth belonge.

D

Behoulde





Of the day

39.

Behoulde, O foule! how God doth thee refuse,
And how his foe doth clayme thee as his owne,
Thie conscience doth with horror thee accuse,
And reape thou must as thou before hast sowne :
The Lord of Lords doth thee condemne to lye
In endlesse flames where livinge thou shalt dye.

40.

O wretched foule ! what shall become of thee ?
What greater paine can any harte devise ?
Yett worse their is, if worse their yett maye bee,
Thie bodie must to Judgment shortlie rise :
And bothe alike in Hell must suffer smarte,
As both in earth in sinne had equall parte.

41.

All finners faine would shonne this dreadfull daye,
And wishe yt were without their perill past,
The feare alone must needs their hartes dismaye,
The signes appeare and on yt cometh fast :
Behold the Sonn is darke which shined bright,
The stares doe fall, the moone hathe lost her light.
Behould





of Judgement.

42.

Behould how men are withered quite with woe,
And cannot find a harboure now of rest :
Behould on earth how fencelesse they doe goe,
Their faces palle, their harts with feare opprest :
Behould each where how beasts for terrour cry,
And marke how men alreedy seeme to dye.

43.

Behoulde how blodd the trees and branches sweate,
And howe each thinge in trembblinge wise doth
Behoulde the Sea against the Land doth beate, [quake,
And roringe lowde doth force the Earth to shake :
Her surges mounte, her swellinge furie showes,
And on the Land her fishe with rage shee throwes.

44.

The cloudes like smoake doe thicken in the skies,
The mountaines move, the Earth doth open wide,
The bluftringe windes with stormes and tempests
The stowttest hartes their faces seeke to hide : [rise
Both rich and poore from citties now are fledd,
And all in caves doe runne to shrowde their head.
Eche





of Judgement.

48.

The hardest rockes are turned into dust,
His furious wrath noe creature can abyde,
Their paines were sweete which now are proved just,
And neede not seeke in corners them to hyde :
Our Lord rewardes as merytt hee doth finde,
Thrise happie they that beare a giltles minde.

49.

O curfed soule ! how art thou drownd in care,
When all this fight is sett before thine eyes :
Thy passinge feare noe wrytinge can declare,
Thie bodie darke like Deathe doe seme to ryse :
Thie hope is past for easinge of thie smarte,
Thie finnes are prickes to wound thie dyinge
[harte.

50.

Behould how thou noe favor here canst gett,
Nor from thie foes by anie meanes escape :
Thie right hand is with all thie finnes besett,
Beneath thee Hell to swallowe thee doe gape :
The fearefull fends vppon thie left hand frowne,
And lye in wayte, to throwe thee hedlonge downe.
Above





of Judgement.

54.

O wretched man! how heaue is thie harte,
How dost thou wish for that which can not bee,
How dost thou figh and quake in euerie parte,
And must thie frinds be seuerd thus from thee :
 They fild with ioye in glorie now shall raigne,
 And full of greife thou torment must sustaine.

55.

The Judges wordes are like a burninge fyer,
Which wasteth all it commeth to imbrace,
It booteth not his mercie to requyer,
The time is past of callinge now for grace : -
 Behould the Judge doth thee condemne to hell,
 Wher thou in paine for sinne shalt ever dwell.

56.

O dolefull wordes ! O most vnhappie wight !
Thie head to shrowd for mountaines thou dost call,
Thie future paines are present in thie fight,
And curfest now the cawfes of thie fall :
 Thie birth and life to late thou dost repent,
 Yet wayleft both and dost in vaine lament.

What





Of the paines

57.

What tonge, what penn, what creature can expresse
Those deadlie greifes which allwayes thou dost taste?
The longer tyme the comfort is the lesse,
Thie hope decayes, thie sorrowes never waite.
O bitter sweete that earthlie pleasures breede!
Thie livinge death all tormentes doth exceede.

58.

Thye wanton eies those hellish monsters see,
Whose blodie mindes thie ruine did conspire,
Whose neefinge seme like lightning for to bee, [fire :
Whose monstrous mouthes doe cast out flames of
Whose nosethrills smoake, whose eies are glowing
redd,
Whose whole delight by others smarte is bredd.

59.

Thye wretched eares, which harkened vnto lyes,
Doe here howe fends doe rage with all despight,
Noe noyse is their but shreekes and hideous cryes,
Which able are the stoutest hart to fright : [wayle,
Wher some blaspheme, and some their states be-
Where others curse and never cease to rayle.
Thye





of Hell.

60.

Thye daintie nose, which had perfumes ech daye,
A lothsome stenche for ever must abyde,
Which riseth vpp from dampned bodies aye,
That heaped their doe lye on euerie syde :
 Loe here the sweete thie smellinge to content,
 Noe worldlie filth can yeld so fowle a sent.

61.

Thye curyous tast doth hunger their sustaine,
Which did in meates such rare devises crave,
With burninge thirst thou suffrest grevous paine,
And yt to coole noe water thou canst haue :
 Noe dropp is their, thie thirstinge for to ease,
 Noe hope of helpe that maye thie grefe appease.

62.

Thye feelinge yett the greatest paine doth beare :
With fierie flames which all thie partes torment,
An extreame cowlde thou allso findest their,
With gnashing teeth that makes thee to lament :
 Thie teares with heat in streames are daylie shedd,
 Thie teeth for cowlde doe chatter in thie hedd.

E

If





of Hell.

66.

Thy memory doth call vnto thy mynde
The shorte delight of all thy pleasures past,
Yt wounds thy harte these paines for them to finde,
Which greueous are and shall for euer last :
 Thy desperate case no comfort can obtaine,
 Thy passed Joyes encrease thy presēt paine.

67.

Thine vnderstandinge doth thy misery shew,
And telleth thee thou arte in Sathans Jawes,
For shorte delights, thy losse yt makes thee know,
And in thy soule the worme of Conscience gnawes :
 Those fadinge Joyes in rage thou dost desye,
 And in dispight they make thee thus to crye.

68.

“ My former Joy a shadow was in deede,
It did not last, but passed quicke away,
My present paine all measure doth excede,
Noe witt nor arte my torments can bewray :
 A time there was when blisse I might haue woone,
 But time is past, and all my course is runne.

○





of Hell.

72.

“ My parents were the cawfers of my woe,
And all the meate on which I euer fedd,
My carnall frind hath proued my greateft foe,
And vnto mee this mifchefe now hath bredd :
 Accufe mee all that hathe my ruine wrought,
 And euerie meane which mee to beinge brought.

73.

“ Thriſe happie they on earthe that never were !
Their ſtate is bleſt that never came to liue !
O bleſſed wombes that children never bare !
O happie breſt which fuck did never geve !
 O deadlie paine ! O moſt unhappie place !
 O curſed wretch whome ill miſhapps imbrace !”

74.

Loe here the plaints in this infernall lake,
Wher Scorpions ſtinge and ſquorges thee torment,
Wher hammers beate, and Devils a roringe make,
Wher hope is paſt and dampned foules lament :
 Wher wormes doe crawle and uglie ſerpents creepe,
 Wher paines abound, and ſorrowes make thee
 weepe. Againſt





Of the paines

75.

Against our Lord thou raieft with despight,
And him thou doft with raginge words defie,
Thou barred art from feeinge anie light,
And while ye liue thou muft for ever die :
Loe here the fruite which worldlie pleasures bringe,
Thie paines agree in meafure with thie finne.

76.

Thye sweet delights are come to woe and wrack,
Thie happie state unto a wretched cafe,
Thie gredie minde is punnisht here with lack,
Thie lecherous armes doe ugleie fends imbrace :
Thie envious fowle doth howle for deadlie paine,
Thie haughtie harte doth suffer depe difdaine.

77.

Thou findeft fmart in ftead of pleafaunt games,
Thie daintie wynes are turnd to bitter gall,
Thie coftlie clothes are now made burning flames,
Thie loftie pride hath now a lothfome fall :
Thou nothinge doft which maye afford thee eafe,
But feeleft all which maye thee moft difpleafe.
Yet





of Hell.

78.

Yet cheiffie one which farre doth all exceade,
And as it is none rightlie can esteeme,
It greves thee most and makes thie harte to bleed,
And joynd with it the other nothinge seeme :
Then judge what paine this torture brings to thee,
When matche to it all nothinge femes to bee.

79.

Thye scences feele for everie sinne a paine,
So rated their as here thou tokst delight,
And now for that our Lord doth thee disdaine,
Thou bannisht art for ever from his sight :
The paine of scence small torment thou dost finde,
When thou this losse dost call unto thie minde.

80.

A greivous losse which cannot be exprest !
O cause of greife and springe of deadlie woe,
The Soule hath lost the center of her rest,
Thie hope, thie helpe, thie life thou must forgoe :
Noe paine or losse with this maye be comparde,
It passeth all and cannot be declared.

From





Of the paines

81.

From hope of joye this is an endlesse barr,
And greatest plague that God on sinn bestowes:
Compar'd with this thy tortures pleasaunt are,
And all thie losse an easie burthen shoves:
 Thie bittrest paines are trifles in thine eyes,
 Thie burninge flames thou seemest to despise.

82.

What woe, what smarte, what paine can be exprest,
Which wayteth now on thee for to be layde!
With swordes of greefe thie harte is daylye preft,
With dreadfull feare thie scences are dismayde:
 Thie eie hath lost what most she did desire,
 Thie bodie burnes in flames of endlesse fire.

83.

And yf thie paines an endinge might obtaine,
When yeres their were of manie thousandes runn,
As on the earthe have lightten dropps of rayne,
Since first of all this wretched world begunn: [minde,
 Some helpe this hope might bringe unto thie
 When hope were left an end at last to finde.

But





of Hell.

84.

But of them all noe ease n̄r end thou hast,
Within thie soule some comferte might procure :
Noe tyme will helpe thie sorrowes for to waste,
While God is God thie torture shall indure :
 Thie paine in truth is more then can be tould,
 The fight in thought noe creature can unfold.

85.

O dyinge lyfe ! O fea of endlesse smarte !
Which nature hates and all thinges ellse detest,
O lyvinge death, noe life or death thou arte,
For death hath end and life hathe sometyme rest :
 The worst of both our Lord hath put in thee
 That neyther rest nor end might other bee.

86.

O dampned soule ! howe dost thou roare and crye !
What deadlie greefes thee daylie doe oppresse !
But lyst a whyle thie cursed eies on hye,
And see what ioyes the blessed their possesse :
 That by the fight, thie torments maye increase,
 And for thie losse thie sorrowes neuer cease.

F

And





Of the ioyes

87.

And first behould the beawtie of the place,
Wher all the Saintes with Christ in glorie raigne,
Wher honor is not mixed with disgrace,
Wher ioye is free from talk of anie paine :
 Wher great rewards attend on good defarts,
 And all delightes poseffeth faithfull harts.

88.

O wicked wretche ! This cittie now behould,
Which doth surppasse the reache of anie thought,
The gates are pearle, the streetes are fynest gould,
With precious stoness the walles are wholie wrought :
 Of Sunn and Moone it needeth not the light,
 For ever their the Lambe is shining bright.

89.

And from His seate a christall river flowes,
Wher life doth runn, and pleasures ever springes :
On everye fyde a tree of comforte growes,
Which saviage helthe to everie nation bringes :
 It worketh rest, and stinteth worldlie stryfe,
 It flieth death, and bringeth endlesse life.

This





of Heauen.

90.

This goodlie place all beawtie doth surmount,
And all this world in largeneffe passeth farr :
The earth it felfe in bignes in account
Not equall is unto the smallest farr :
 O worthie place whose glorie doth excell !
 Thrife happie they that their attaines to dwell !

91.

Noe Sainte their is but brighter seemes to bee
Then Sunn or moone whose beawties wonders breede :
What glorie then so manie Saintes to see,
Which all the starrs in number farr excede !
 All glorious their wher glorie doth abound,
 O blessed state wher blisse is ever found !

92.

Archangells are but underfarvaunts there,
And Anngells doe their makers will obaye,
The powers in ioye with triumph doe appere,
The beawties shine, the thrones their beames displaye :
 The Cherubins doe yeld a famous light,
 The Seraphins with love are burninge shininge
 bright. Here





of Heauen.

96.

Above them all the Viregin hath a place,
Which cawfd the world with comfort to abound :
The beames doe shine in her unspotted face,
And with the starres her head is richlye crownd :
 In glory shee all creatures passeth farr :
 The moone her shooes, the sunn her garments are.

97.

O Queene of Heauen ! o pure and glorious fight !
Most blessed thou above all womenn arte !
This cittie druncke thou makest with delight,
And with thie beames reioyfest everie harte :
 Our blisse was lost and yt thou didst restore,
 The Anngells all and menn doe thee adore.

98.

Loe ! here the looke which Anngells doe admire !
Loe ! here the springe from whom all goodnes flowes !
Loe ! here the sight that menn and Saintes desire !
Loe ! here the stalks on which our comfort growes !
 Loe this is shee whom heaven and earth imbrace,
 Whom God did choose and filled full of grace.
And





Of the ioyes

99.

And next to her, but in a higher throne,
Our Saviour in his manhode sitteth here :
From whom procedes all perfect ioye alone,
And in whose face all glorie doth appere :
The Saintes delight conceyved cannot bee,
When they a man the Lord of Anngells see.

100.

They ravished are with ioye in seeinge this,
How Christ our Lord the highest place obtaines :
They now behould the seate of endlesse blisse,
And ioye to marke how hee in triumph raynes :
What ioye to menn moreover can befall
Then here to see a man the Lord of all ?

101.

More ioye yt yeldes then anie can devise,
A greater blisse then may in words be tould,
His perfinge beames doth dazell all their eies,
His brightnes scharce his Anngells can behould :
The Saintes in him their wished comfort finds,
And now inioye what most content their minds.
To





of Heauen.

102.

To thinke on this yt passeth humane witt :
The more we thinke the lesse we come to knowe :
He dothe uppon his Fathers right hand fitt,
And all ye Saintes their humble sarvice shoue :
His fight to them doth endlesse comfort bringe,
And they to him all prayses euer singe.

103.

O worthe place, wher suche a Lord is cheife !
O glorious Lord, which princelye sarvaunts keepe !
O happie Saintes, which never tast of greife !
O blessed state, wher malice ever sleepe !
Noe one is here of base or meane degree,
But all are knowne the sonns of God to bee.

104.

What higher place can anye prince attaine,
Then sonne to him which ruleth all above ?
Yet is their state not subiect to disdaine,
But in their mindes like brethren they doe love :
Noe place is left for anie hate, or feare,
But here they all one harte and foule doe beare.

O





Of the ioyes

105.

O happie place, wher discord never fights !
The ioyes of all are found in everie brest,
For ech as much in others ioye delights,
As if alone it in him selfe did rest :

In all their ioyes noe difference is their knowne,
For ech accounts them all to be his owne.

106.

And those they tast wherwith their Lord abounds :
As parte of theirs his glorie doe they take,
Unto them selues by union it redownds,
And all his ioyes their glorie perfect make :

So faste are knitt the members to the head,
As over them his ioyes are whollie spredd.

107.

What ioye is best which here they doe not finde ?
What greater blisse, what pleasure maye be more ?
What can by us conceyved be in minde
Which hath not bene recited here before ?

Yet one delight behinde as yet remaines,
Which all in all, and all in it containes.

They





of Heauen.

108.

They face to face doe God Almightye see!
And all in him as in a perfect glasse:
Noe good their is, but their is found to bee,
And all delightes this vision doth surpasse.
Ech sight doth yeld the hart her perfect rest,
Because noe good without him is posselt.

109.

Hee present, past, and future things doth shewe,
And theirfore rests their understandinge here :
Their nothinge is but they in him doe knowe,
And to their eies all plainlye doth appere :
They now obteyne what longe they fought to gett,
And all their thoughtes are on him wholie sett.

110.

Their will doth last in lovinge of his sight,
In which consists all good that kann be thought,
Shee here hathe fixt her love and whole delight,
And never will from lovinge this be brought :
For here all good and goodnes doth abound,
And never can without this good be found.

G

Their





Of the ioyes

111.

Their whole desire from hence doth never parte,
But fetled here for ever doth abyde :
This fight doth fill the mouth of everie harte,
And nothing leaves for them to wishe besyde :
 Without desire, content shee still remaines,
 And her desire with full delight obtaines.

112.

Their Faith behouldes her best beloved guest,
And her beleefe this fight doth here fullfill :
Their constante Hope her hope hath now posselt,
And him inioyes for whom shee hoped still :
 Their Charitie, not perfect full before,
 To perfect state this vision doth restore.

113.

O glorious fight! O some of endlesse blisse!
Which never wanes, nor seemeth for to waste :
Whoe ever sawe soe fayer a fight as this,
Whoe ever did suche heapes of comfort taste?
 What can be thought that can not here be hadd?
 Where all doe ioye, and none are euer sadd.
They





of Heauen.

114.

They here possesse what maye content them most,
And nothinge wante that perfect blisse maye bringe :
With all delight here breathes the Holye Ghost,
Which allwayes makes a freshe and endlesse springe :
 Noe daye is here, noe morninge, noone, nor night,
 But ever one and allwayes shininge bright.

115.

O blessed ioyes, which all the soules pofesse !
O happie fruite, that vertue here hath wonne !
And in degrees the bodies finde noe lesse,
But shine with beames farr brighter then the sunn :
 Not subiect now to sicknes, greife, or paine,
 But glorious all, immortall they remaine.

116.

And propper ioyes ech fence in private fyndes :
Their eyes behould that passinge glorious fight,
Wher nothinge wantes for to content their mindes,
And all thinges elce which maye them most delight :
 Their cares are fedd with hearinge of sweete soundes,
 And them to please all musick here aboundes.

From





Of the ioyes

117.

From songes of praise the Saintes noe moment spare :
Noe teares are seene nor anie their doe weepe :
But in this place the musick is so rare
As halfe a found would bringe all hartes a sleepe :
 And everie fence a proper pleasure takes,
 Which ioynd in one, their glorie perfect makes.

118.

Noe eie hath seene what ioyes the Saintes obtaine,
Nor eare hath hard what comforts are pofest :
Noe harte can thinke in what delight they raigne,
Nor penn expresse their happie porte of rest,
 Wher pleasure flowes, and greife is never sene,
 Wher good abounds, and ill is bannisht cleane.

119.

And of those ioyes noe creature end shall see :
The longer tyme the sweeter they doe showe :
While God indures they can not ended bee,
And never waste, but allwayse seeme to growe :
 When worldes are worne, and millions manie paste,
 They now begin and shall for ever last.

O





of Heauen.

120.

- state of ioye, wher endlesse ioye remaines !
- haven of blisse, wher none doth suffer wrack !
- happie howse, which all delight containes !
- blessed state, which never feeleth lack !
 - goodlie tree, which fruite dothe ever beare !
 - quyett state, which dannger neede not feare !

121.

- mixture pure, which basest droffe refynes !
- pleasaunte place, which onlie comforte bringes !
- ioyefull sunn, wher glorie ever shines !
- fruitfull foyle, wher pleasure ever springes !
 - glorious soules ! ○ bodies wholie blest !
 - sea of good, and of all good the best !

122.

○ dampned wretch ! the thought of this alone
Oppresseth thee with heapes of deadlie care,
And sighinge now in speritt thou dost grone,
When with their blisse thie woe thou dost compare :
 Thie grevous losse dothe greive thie wretched
 harte,
And yt with greefe redoubles all thie smarte.

If





Of the ioyes

123.

If all the world by conquest thou hadst wonne,
A trifle now thou thinkest all to geve,
That on the earth thie race were new to runn,
And thou againe wert suffered here to lyve :
 Another course thou woldst resolve to take,
 And sarvinge God thie carnall will forfake.

124.

The straightest life thou woldst noe paine esteeme,
Thie prayinge wold a passinge ioye appere,
Thie fastinge ofte noe trouble then would seme,
Nor anie greife the hardest penaunce here :
 A ioye thou woldst account the sharpest paine,
 To scape from Hell and endlesse blisse obtaine.

125.

Now must I call, O worldlie man ! to thee,
The end wher first I did begin to wrighte,
That all these ioyes and paines which thou dost see
May move thie minde to leade thie lyfe upright :
 Thie harte will melt to thinke uppon thie case,
 If their be left but halfe a sparke of grafe.

Thou





of Heauen.

126.

Thou findeft here what thou wilt wifhe att laft,
And that account which none can ever fhunn:
Then frame thie life before thie tyme be paft,
As thou wilt wifhe that thou in tyme hadft donne:
 Left thou in vaine doft waile thie wretched ftate,
 When tyme is paft and waylinge comes too late.

